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POEMS.

POEMS,
PARTLY OF
RURAL LIFE,

(In national English.)

BY WILLIAM BARNES,
AUTHOR OF "POEMS OF RURAL LIFE, IN THE DORSET
DIALECT."

"Ες χθόνα πατρίω καὶ δένδρεα."—Moschus.

LONDON:
J. R. SMITH, 4, OLD COMPTON ST., SOHO-SQUARE.

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POEMS.

So when the longsomed days of sadden'd life
No longer kept him from his dearest wife,
And evenings shed their grass-bespangling dew
Upon their green twin-graves below the yew ;
The two good witnesses came forward, both,
And made before their God their faithful oath,
They saw the dying father set his hand
To that his will that gave both sons his land ;
But others found that, as the law then stood,
It took three witnesses to make it good :
And he, whom Erwin's father left in trust
To do his will when he was in the dust,
Although he made him, openly, in sight
Of God and man, his vow to do it right,
Advised the elder brother, as the heir
To all the land, to keep poor Erwin's share ;
And so withheld his dying father's gift
Against his will, and let him go adrift.
So far they gained their end, but what befel
Them in the sequel some of you may tell.

MR. JOHN'S TALE.

What lightly comes, they say, will lightly go,
For ill-earn'd wealth will waste as melting snow,
And faithful labor's hard-earn'd mite will win
More happiness than all the hoards of sin.

So Wingreed gave his ward, with all the land
So mis-bestow'd, his worthless daughter's hand :
And he must needs, as if his few small grounds
Were some vast manor, keep his pack of hounds :
And when the bow-neck'd steed that he bestrode
Pranc'd forth with high-toss'd head upon the road,
His upcast face no more look'd down to greet
His lowly friends that met him on their feet.
And where strong drinks, all reeking with their damp
Hot vapor, sparkled to the far-spent lamp,
He linger'd through the waning night, to steep
His giddy-brain in late-sought morning sleep ;
Till landless, friendless, and with houseless head,
He went to earn or beg his daily bread.
And Wingreed, once benighted on the road
Beside the land that he had wrong bestow'd,
Saw walking there, with faces silver-bright,
Two angels, clad in filmy robes of white,
As thin as gauzy night-clouds, streaming fast
Before the moon upon a hasty blast ;
And straining o'er the ground, with shining hands,
A fiery chain, as if to halve the lands.
And from that awful night, his neighbours say,
He never knew another happy day.
All this I know for truth ; but what befel
Poor Erwin, some of you may better tell.

MR. ROBERT'S TALE.

Why, Mr. Wanhope that is lately dead,
Liv'd then below this roof that's overhead ;
And lived here till his death—it was his own—
A single life, retired and little known.
And some folk thought, what others could not find,
That he was sometimes flighty in his mind ;
Lost in the love of one he could not win,
Some ne'er-forgotten maid of high-born kin :
For till the last, whene'er his mem'ry brought
The young man's idol to the old man's thought,
He roam'd bewilder'd out by field and lane,
Forlorn in wordless thought like one insane ;
And when he died some others' hands set free
From trusty wardship of a lock and key,
A writing of his youth, that show'd in part
The ne'er-forgotten sorrows of his heart.

LUCY LEE.

THE WRITING.

O, I am lost, my soul must pine
For one too lofty to be mine :
There comes no day when she will stand
To take my ring on her fair hand,

No hour can bring her to beguile
My hopeless love with one soft smile,
But I must wear my heart away
With restless thought from day to day.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

For air-rock'd trees within a wall
Begirt the park around her hall,
And from its gate there winds, below
The elms, a road I dare not go,
Where spreading waters calmly lie
Reflecting snow-white clouds on high ;
And marble-pillar'd walls contain
The high-born maid I love in vain.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

And glitt'ring coach-wheels roll to bear
Her out to take the sunny air,
All smiling as in that day's light
That first reveal'd her to my sight ;
But evening takes her home to shine
As fair to other eyes, while mine,
By fancy's lovely visions blest
Seem still to see her jewell'd breast.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

And I am peaceless as the sand
That's roll'd by waves along the strand,
Or whirl'd aloft by sunny air
When darksome waters leave it bare,
But she is like the steep rock's side
That's idly beaten by the tide
In sunny rest ; too high above
My lowly heart to meet its love.

O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

But O that God would let me find
Some way to rise by might of mind,
As some have risen that became
So high in state, so great in name ;
That I might then with joy and pride
But stand one moment by her side,
And tell her how the only aim
Of all my toil was her dear name.

O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

For when, by trees that years ago
Her own forefathers rode below,
She rides within her father's glades
O'ercast by his own hills' wide shades,
Where glitt'ring rivers spread or flow
As he may stay or let them go ;

I quail to see so far above
My hapless lot the maid I love.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

And when I saw her briskly drawn
Up o'er the timber-skirted lawn,
Where zephyrs shook the bents below
The western sunset's yellow glow,
The snow-white gate where she had past
Swung on a while, but stopp'd at last ;
Though my poor heart, stirr'd up at sight
Of her, ne'er rested through the night.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

Yet let me never linger on
To see her when her grace is gone,
But let my fancy only bear
Her youthful looks so fresh and fair ;
The while I bless my God that brought
Her lovely form to hold my thought
From all beside that might debase
My love of purity and grace.
O Lucy Lee, dear Lucy Lee,
Why have I set my heart on thee !

So Mr. Wanhope, with a weary mind
And time-worn body, wish'd at last to find

Some faithful man to take the oversight
Of these his lands that we are on to night ;
And since he heard young Erwin's goodness told,
With earnest-worded tongues, by young and old,
And lov'd his father, who was every where
Belov'd for friendship true and dealings fair,
He set him bailiff over all the hands
He kept at work, and over all his lands.
This happen'd so, but how or where he knew
Young Linda first may best be known to you.

MRS. MARY'S TALE.

Before his father yet was dead,
Or blighting sorrows came to try
His soul, as he with houseless head
Went forth an outcast to the sky ;
Young Erwin, at the wake, had seen
One maid more lovely than the rest,
And Linda felt that she had been
With him that she could like the best.
And when the Sunday throng outflow'd
Through church-yard from their worship done,
And stream'd, in knots, by ev'ry road,
In gay hues brighten'd by the sun ;

The sight of lovely Linda drew
His feet the way that she had gone,
And she ne'er hasten'd when she knew
'Twas Erwin that was coming on.
But when a deadly blight was brought
Upon his early life, he tried
To wean his mind from ev'ry thought
Of making her his lowly bride ;
And yet, when lucklessly they met,
Her lovely looks soon put to flight
The vain resolves his soul had set
So strong against her out of sight.
And there had happen'd, neighbours show,
Some tokens they could only take
To mean that, whether high or low,
They liv'd for one another's sake :
For once, when summer's shortest night
Came round, so slowly letting fall
Its sparkling dew below the light
The moon cast down upon the wall ;
The while the slowly-clanging bell
Struck twelve o'clock, and giggling maids
Stole out to try the well-known spell (1)
That brings their unknown husbands' shades ;
Young Linda too was scatt'ring wide
Her hemp-seed, crying " This I sow
That he who takes me for his bride
Should now come after me and mow."

And turning round her fair-neck'd head
With timid smile, and backward look,
She saw—and seeing—felt half dead—
A shape come slowly o'er the brook,
And when she saw his scythe-blade's bow
Behind him, gleaming by the moon,
She sank, with one convulsive throe,
Against an elm-tree in a swoon.
'Twas Erwin, who had been to mow
Some swaths on Mr. Wanhope's land
In mead, to help the mowers throw
A patch of grass they had in hand.
And other tokens seem'd to show
That she was born for Erwin's wife ;
For I have heard, what you may know,
That he at one time sav'd her life.

MRS. ANNE'S TALE.

ERWIN SAVES LINDA FROM FIRE.

One sunny day, when freaky winds swam o'er
The timber-shaded lawn before her door ;
While flutt'ring on its slack-bow'd cords, uphung
From tree to tree, the snow-white linen swung,
She stood in hall with slightly bending back,
And cheeks behung with sidelocks raven-black,

And smooth'd, below the iron's slow-drawn weight,
With lily hands, some garment's snow-white plait ;
When, springing from the fire with sudden glow,
A tiny firebolt track'd its shining bow,
And, like a bee, pitch'd down with fiery bite
Within her frock-tail's folds, out of sight.
And as she skip'd athwart the lawn to bring
Some waving kerchief from its loose-hung string,
The playsome air, that soon began to flirt
In eddies round her softly-flutt'ring skirt,
Fann'd up the smould'ring fire, until it came
Out-bursting in a wildly-twisting flame ;
And drove it quickly on to mar, within
Her frock, the iv'ry polish of her skin.
But Erwin, coming o'er the lawn to do
Some business with her father, wildly flew,
And caught, with ready hands, a sheet that hung
Upon its low-bow'd line, and deftly flung
Its heavy length up o'er her, trailing slack
Its folds behind her trimly-bending back,
And quench'd the flame, still looking, to his cost,
On her that he had sav'd, as only lost.
And then, when Linda saw that God had sent
To save a life that seem'd so nearly spent,
The man to whom she best of all could give
The days that through him she had yet to live,
She thanked him with a broken voice, and kept
Her hidden love within her heart, and wept.

This happen'd then, but something else befel
Poor Linda afterwards, that you may tell.

MR. WILLIAM'S TALE.

THE GREAT HORSE.

The hidden sun throughout a stormy day
Had roll'd unseen around its high-bow'd way,
And rain was wildly dashing, in the squall,
Against the dripping moss of tree and wall;
While gurgling brooks rolled foaming down their beds,
And winds were hissing through the timber's heads,
And waters, in a sea-wide sheet, o'erflow'd,
With sluggish eddies, stream-side mead and road,
Where Linda, riding home at eventide,
Was sitting by her stripling driver's side,
Behind her steed now loth to draw his load
By Whitburn-bridges o'er the flooded road.
And as she saw, with mind-bewild'ring dread,
The flood roll foaming through the willow's head,
And, sorely fearful that she might not win
Her home before the darksome night set in,
Was almost in the mighty stream that flow'd
With hollow eddies o'er her homeward road;

She heard a heavy horse that slowly beat
The shaking road behind, with coming feet ;
And found, with leaping heart, 'twas one bestrode
By Erwin Akley riding home her road.
That horses lofty back was broad, and round,
And trusty as a grass-turv'd earthen mound;
His sleekly-flowing mane hung loosely down
Beside his lofty neck, unclipp'd and brown ;
And, high above his loudly-snorting nose,
And lengthy face, his wide-tub'd ears arose ;
And down his trusty legs were hung loose roofs
Of white-hair'd fetlocks o'er his heavy hoofs,
That left, in deeply-sinking turf, their flat
Round tracks, as hollow as the cheese-maid's vat.
Stay, cried young Erwin to the stripling, stay.
You know you cannot ford the stream to-day.
At least your mare shall never go this road
To-night with all that now makes up her load.
For I am on the only horse, I fear,
That I could trust to keep his footing here;
And so, Miss Linda, I beseech you, take
A seat upon his back, for others' sake.
Then, after much ado, she took her place
Behind young Erwin, with a blushing face,
While from her trim-set waist, outspreading wide,
Her skirt hung loosely o'er the horses side.
And now his legs, in water to their knees,
Withstand the deep'ning flood like rooted trees;

And now the whirling waves, with foamy crest,
Roll slowly-gurgling round his mighty breast;
And, now with lighter splashes, nearly through
The stream, he beats it with his glitt'ring shoe:
But ere he shook his streaming fetlocks dry.
Poor Linda heard, dismay'd, a muffled cry;
And saw the stripling clinging to the trunk
Of some small willow, while his horse had sunk
In wheeling vortices that overflow'd
The sluggish wheels, and plung'd to find the road.
Then snatching off a new-bought rope that hung
Around his horses neck, young Erwin flung
Its quiv'ring noose, uptrailing from the strand
Its waving length, to that poor stripling's hand,
And sav'd him; but his horse was driven dead
On Whitburn meadow near the willow-bed.
So Mr. Farmund, thinking still to make
His child another's bride for money's sake,
Was thankful for her life, but griev'd to find
It owed twice over to a friendless hind.
" 'Tis odd" quoth he, " why thus your life is thrown
On this young Akley's hands, and his alone;
For if you only go abroad to cast
Yourself upon him, I must keep you fast
Within the house—or else I sorely fear
That I shall find his kindnesses too dear."
So down her burning cheeks young Linda shed
Salt tears, with swelling heart, and downcast head;

And shortly afterwards, as I have heard,
She found her father making good his word.
I do not know it for a truth, but true
Or false, the tale may not be new to you.

MISS JANE'S TALE.

The Browns that lived at Burncoombe Hall,
Invited Linda down to spend
An evening with some friends, that all
Met there to see the old year's end ;
And for his worthy father's sake,—
For they had known him from his birth,—
They ask'd young Erwin down to take
His share of that gay evening's mirth.
And Erwin, in his shape and height,
Stood up the smartest young man there ;
And Linda walk'd in shining white
By far the fairest of the fair.
And when the freaky tune was done,
And breathless dancers, in a ring,
Sat round the room ; and ev'ry one
Was called upon in turn to sing ;

Then Mr. Wauhope, when it came
To Erwin, cried you can't decline
To sing—I do not know its name—
That little song of yours and mine.

ERWIN'S SONG.

O lonely moon that castest wide
Thy light o'er all the houses side,
And down upon the dewless stones,
The yard-begirting wall inzones,
I would that I could own to night
A dewy lawn below thy light,
And elms with half-light heads to throw
Their quiv'ring shadows down below,
And poplars, whisp'ring by a sheet
Of sparkling water at my feet.

O lonely moon! I wish that I
Had lands below thy pallid sky.

How great might then have been my bliss
On such a summer night as this,
To lead abroad, with thee above
Her smiling looks, the maid I love ;

Below a tree's o'ershading limb,
Beside the sparkling water's brim ;
The while her joy-bemoisten'd eyes
Might glisten to thy pallid skies,
And her low words might mingle soft
With rustlings of the boughs aloft.

O lonely moon ! I wish that I
Had lands below thy pallid sky.

But this is only idle thought,
Since love's enthralling smiles are bought ;
And she I would have won is sold,
All comely as she is, for gold ;
Though if I had but fields and streams
Now lying underneath thy beams,
Then, lonely moon, thou mightest show
My eyes the smiles I now forego,
And lighten up the glossy brow
That's never lifted to me now.

O lonely moon ! I would that I
Had lands below thy pallid sky.

But Linda, with a downcast head,
As soon as Erwin's song was o'er,
Rose up with hasty steps, and fled
To weep unseen without the door.

And when their evening's mirth was o'er,
And, in the darksome night-air, rung
Before the rose-bewreathèd door,
"Good night," "Good night," from ev'ry tongue,
Then Mr. Wanhope softly smil'd
On Erwin, with a kindly face,
As he was ling'ring, love-beguil'd,
To see fair Linda leave the place :
And whisper'd in his ear "You ought,
You know, on such a night as this,
To see Miss Linda home. Fear nought.
She cannot take the deed amiss."
So timid, but with manly grace,
By warmly-blushing Linda's side ;
He took his own too blissful place,
That night first sought and undenied.
And e'er they parted, she confess'd,
In words his love could not mistake,
What gave him joy that broke his rest
That happy night of Burncoombe Wake.
But when her hasty father heard
Of what had happen'd, wild with rage,
He shut her up like some poor bird
That pines within a narrow cage,
And from her rosy cheeks he clipp'd
Her locks, and in her wax-white ears
He spoke, with anger, grisly-lipp'd,
Hard words that brought her bitter tears.

But Mr. Wanhope, who could find
The trials of his own true heart,
In Erwin's, with a yearning mind
To make him happy, took his part;
And, having none of kin to share
The growing wealth that he had won,
He made him, by his will, his heir,
To take his name as his own son.
So when he died, all these his lands
Fell into Erwin Akley's hands.

And so—

CONCLUSION.

—While thus she speaks they hear the sound
Of trampling horses' feet upon the ground,
And crackling carriage wheels, that stop before
The fair-wall'd house, and porch-beshaded door,
That, swinging slowly backward, opens wide
For Erwin, and for Linda made his bride.
For Mr. Farmund now withholds no more
His lovely Linda from her Erwin's door;
And she, brought home this happy night, has show'd
Her wife's first smiles within her new abode :

Where he has gathered round his hall fireside,
The few that stood his friends when he was tried.
So joy be with them all, and joy betide,
Each faithful husband and true-hearted bride.

SONNET I.

RURAL NATURE.

Ye airs of sunny spring that softly blow
With whisp'ry breathings o'er the grasses blade,
Ye grass-bespangling flow'rs—too soon to fade—
That now in gemlike brightness round me grow :
Ye saplings, and ye greenbough'd trees, that throw
Your waving shadows on the sunny glade ;
Thou lowland stream, whose winding waters flow,
Like molten silver, to the hoarse cascade :

Give vice the noisy town ; and let the great
Ride mighty o'er the earth with pride and pow'r ;
Give avarice his gold : but let me flee

Where cold and selfish hearts live not to hate
And scorn. Oh take me to thy lonely bow'r
Sweet rural nature ! Life is dear for thee.

SONNET II.

RURAL NATURE.

Where art thou loveliest, O nature, tell !
O where may be thy paradise ? Where grow
Thy happiest groves ? And down what woody dell
Do thy most fancy-winning waters flow ?
Tell where thy softest breezes longest blow ?
And where thy ever blissful mountains swell,
Upon whose sides the cloudless sun may throw
Eternal summer, while the air may quell

His fury. Is it 'neath his morning car,
Where jewell'd palaces, and golden thrones,
Have aw'd the eastern nations through all time ?

Or o'er the western seas ; or where afar
Our winter sun warms up the southern zones
With summer ? Where can be the happy clime ?

N A T U R E.



Mysterious world that com'st between
Our yearning souls and God unseen ;
How good He seems in thee, how mild
He speaks to me His lonely child,
In what is heard upon the wild
And tongueless plain, and meets the eyes
In land, in water, and in skies ;
O everlasting nature.

I seem to hear Him as I tread
Below the dead-leav'd beech's head,
Now rustling in the wind that flies
Ice-chilly from the eastern skies ;
And where the glist'ning water lies
With ruffled waves, that murmur swim
To dash against their leeward brim.
O everlasting nature.

Where sky-back'd trees at evening stand
On yonder ridge of shelving land,
And grass-bespangling daisies close
Below the shade the hawthorn throws,
Above the winding river's bows ;
 The frowns of man no more excite
 My soul thus happy with the sight
 Of everlasting nature.

For who should fear what man can do
The while he knows that God is true,
And finds his joys in blue-sky seen
Behind the flow'ry knoll, between
The shady boughs, in early green
 That fades in winter, but appears
 In quick'ning summers of the years
 Of everlasting nature.

For land and stream, and rock and wood,
Are as we see them for our good ;
Nor could our little wisdom mend
Whate'er a loving God may send ;
Though the beginning and the end
 Of blessings that may sometimes seem
 But ills, are hidden in His scheme
 Of everlasting nature.

SONNET III.

TO THE WIND.

Life of the world ! that rollest on unseen,
Though sweetly felt, o'er land and over sea ;
And wak'st to motion things that would have been
All fixed in deadly stillness, but for thee :
O when, on some steep upland, by a tree,
O'erlooking dell-beroaming herds, I lean ;
And thou art dancing by to fan the green
Or drive the faded leaf, then flirt with me.

Come holy flood of life, whene'er I look
O'er sunny wood and stream, where thou dost play
Through green-bough'd trees, and o'er the meadow brook

That sparkles brightly on a summer's day ;
And waft me softly out from grove and nook
Thy rural sounds that sweetly die away.

SONNET IV.

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the stars, that ridest forth on high
Amid the silver-skirted clouds of night,
O'ershining proudly from the zenith sky
The gloomy wood upon the southern height ;
Now day with busy life and golden light
Has sunk away below the western sky ;
And sleep-bound labourers have shut their sight
From voiceless fields and streams that round them lie.

Glory of night, still following the sun,
How sweetly does thy mildly-beaming face,—
Made bright by him,—reflect his glorious rays !

Like thine may be the course that we may run ;
Reflecting in the darksome world the grace
Of our Redeemer to our endless praise.

EASTER BELLS.



The shrunken waters, lately high,
Have left the white-slim'd withies dry,
And pilewort on the bank, holds up
Before the sun its golden cup,
And lightsome-hearted young folk stray
With glossy shoes by ev'ry way,
All happy with their holyday,
While Easter bells are ringing.

The eastern clouds all fled away
To let the sun rise clear to-day,
And make the high-sky'd world look fair
For joys they meet to-day to share.
So ev'ry youth has gone to find
The maid that's fairest to his mind,
And left his daily work behind
While Easter bells are ringing.

Our hearts are dull when dark mist flies
Below the gloom of sunless skies,
And beats through leafless trees that yield
No shelter in the wa'try field ;
But gladness stirs our souls at sight
Of gay larks floating in the light
Of blue-sky'd morning, at their height,
While Easter bells are ringing, —

And blue-wing'd vi'lets lightly shake
In sunny air beside the brake ;—
And April's coming on to shed
Her dews upon the cowslip's head ;
But this year's flow'rs will all have died
With some now hopeful souls beside,
Before another Easter tide
Shall come with bells a-ringing.

THE BIRD-BOY'S DINNER TOKEN.

Ah, then, a boy, I rov'd below
The sun that seem'd to go so slow,
While keeping birds beside the hill,
With little wind-blown voice so shrill,
And flapping clacker, seldom still ;
And longed to see the snow-white patch
Upon the hedge beside our hatch;
Poor mother's dinner token.

For I, a child, was then too small
To see from home, and out of call ;
And my best clock, the shifting shade
Of some high elm-tree on the glade,
Below a cloud would often fade ;
And so, at dinner time, beside
The hatch my mother open'd wide
A sheet, her dinner token.

And while the dew-drops dried away
Below the heat of blue-sky'd day,
With thoughts of home, alone and dumb,
I whiled the morning, cutting some
New plaything out for days to come :
 Till when, at dinner time, hound-light,
 I ran down homeward, catching sight
 Of mother's snow-white token.

But when another year came on
My mother, poor dear soul, was gone ;
And left behind no hands to spread
Her sheet for me when she was dead.
And so I ate my lonesome bread
 Afield, more selfmourn'd now than then ;
And never ran down home again,
 At mother's dinner token.

And when the Sunday church-peals, toss'd
With swelling winds, were heard and lost ;
And when I saw go slowly through
The fields from church, the folk I knew,
Gay maids in white, and lads in blue ;
 How sadd'ning seem'd the sounds I caught
 From o'er her grave, the while I thought
 On mother's dinner token.

RUSTIC CHILDHOOD.



No city primness train'd my feet
To strut in childhood through the street,
But freedom let them loose to tread
The yellow cowslip's downcast head ;
Or climb, above the twining hop
And ivy, to the elm-tree's top ;
Where southern airs of blue-sky'd day
Breath'd o'er the daisy and the may.
 I knew you young, and love you now,
 O shining grass, and shady bough.

Far off from town, where splendour tries
To draw the looks of gather'd eyes,
And clocks, unheeded, fail to warn
The loud-tongued party of the morn,
I spent in woodland shades my day
In cheerful work or happy play,
And slept at night where rustling leaves
Threw moonlight shadows o'er my eaves.
 I knew you young, and love you now,
 O shining grass, and shady bough.

Or in the grassy drove by ranks
Of white-stemm'd ashes, or by banks
Of narrow lanes, in-winding round
The hedgy sides of shelving ground;
Where low-shot light struck in to end
Again at some cool-shaded bend,
Where we might see through darkleav'd boughs
The evening light on green hill-brows.

I knew you young, and love you now,
O shining grass, and shady bough.

Or on the hillock where I lay
At rest on some bright holyday;
When short noon-shadows lay below
The thorn in blossom white as snow;
And warm air bent the glist'ning tops
Of bushes in the lowland copse,
Before the blue hills swelling high
And far against the southern sky.

I knew you young, and love you now,
O shining grass, and shady bough.

THE WOODLAND HOME.



My woodland home, where hillocks swell
With flow'ry sides, above the dell,
And sedge's hanging ribbons gleam
By meadow withies in the stream ;
And elms, with ground-begloomng shades,
Stand high upon the sloping glades.
When toilsome day at evening fades,
 And trials agitate my breast,
 By fancy brought,
 I come in thought
To thee my home, my spirit's rest.

I left thy woody fields that lay
So fair below my boyhood's play,
To toil in busy life that fills
The world with strife of wayward wills ;
Where mortals in their little day
Of pride disown their brother clay.
But when my soul can steal away
 From such turmoil, with greater zest
 By fancy brought
 I come in thought
To thee my home, my spirit's rest.

For I behold thee fresh and fair
In summer light, and summer air,
As when I rambled, pulling low
The hazel bough that, when let go,
Flew back, with high-toss'd head, upright,
To rock again in airy light,
Where brown-stemm'd elms and ashes white
 Rose tall upon the flow'ry breast
 Of some green mound,
 With timber crown'd,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

And there my fancy will not find
The loveless heart or selfish mind,
Nor scowling hatred mutt'ring aught
To break my heart-intrancing thought ;
But manly souls above deceit,
And lively girls with smiles to greet
The bright'ning eyes they love to meet.
 The fairest in their looks, and best
 In heart : I found,
 On thy lov'd ground,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

SONNET V.

LEAVES.

Leaves of the summer, lovely summer's pride,
Sweet is the shade below your silent tree,
Whether in waving copses, where ye hide
My roamings, or in fields that let me see
The open sky ; and whether ye may be
Around the low-stemm'd oak, robust and wide ;
Or taper ash upon the mountain side ;
Or lowland elm ; your shade is sweet to me.

Whether ye wave above the early flow'rs
In lively green ; or whether, rustling sere,
Ye fly on playful winds, around my feet,

In dying autumn ; lovely are your bow'rs,
Ye early-dying children of the year ;
Holy the silence of your calm retreat.

SONNET VI.

RURAL SECLUSION.

As o'er the hill with waving timber crown'd,
In yonder drove, beneath an ash I lay ; [may,
Where bloom'd the hawthorn with its snow-white
And gilt-cups brightly deck'd the grassy ground ;
While merry hinds that, in the fields around,
Were singing, ended some enliv'ning lay ;
I heard a waterfall, so far away
That silence only brought its sullen sound ;

And thought in silence, O thou peaceful place :
I would that summer weather could but last ;
And, in this northern land, the lovely face

Of nature could withstand the winter's blast ;
And I, from all my worldly cares set free,
Could have, awhile, a happy home in thee.

SONNET VII.

EVENING DREAMS.

When resting in my green and bough-wrought cell,
Where gloomy shades are on the grassy ground ;
And evening zephyrs waft the fragrant smell
Of waving blossoms from the flow'rs around ;
I listen to the spirit-soothing sound
Of winds that, murm'ring, in the tree-tops swell,
And feel my fancy drawn, as by a spell,
To scenes where only joy and peace are found.

Then how I lose myself in nameless dreams
Of days long passed away, or yet to come ;
And things beyond the ken of mortal sight ;

Till ev'ry moving shade before me seems
Some wand'ring spirit, bodiless, and dumb,
That glides along the shady earth at night.

SONNET VIII.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

Now let me wake till midnight's lonely hour
And wander forth beneath the moon-bright sky,
When nightly winds, like whisp'ring spirits, sigh
O'er waving trees, and through the trembling bow'r.
There, while the dew-drop sparkles on the flow'r,
And glitt'ring stars bespangle all the sky,
I'll sit, and think upon the days gone by,
And give me up to fancy's charming pow'r.

When we are thus withdrawn from worldly things,
How sweetly thoughts of other days will creep
Upon the waking soul, and tender heart ;

In such an hour, when busy mem'ry brings
My sin to mind, O let me, with a deep
Repentance, learn to choose a better part.

JANE OF BUCKLEY-HILL.

There stood poor Jenny, wat'ry-eyed,
In sorrow on the hillock's side,
In mourning for her cousin dead;
With dark locks by her comely head
And roundly-bending neck, left bare
Above her frock, and lily fair.
For Buckley bells had brought her tears,
Then ringing in her wax-white ears,
 Their far-off peal, *ding dong, ding dong*.
Her shortest days will now be long,
For he she lov'd has dong her wrong.
 Poor Jane of Buckley-hill.

Still-headed there she set her sight
Upon the beechen groves' dim light,
While peeling with her hand, thought-free,
The crackling bark from some dead tree;

Till when she heard, in louder swells,
The far-off peal of Buckley bells ;
And then upon her neck of snow
Her dark-lock'd head with grief hung low,
While they rang on *ding dong, ding dong*.
Her shortest days will now be long,
For he she loved has done her wrong.
Poor Jane of Buckley-hill.

For she had walk'd with him, poor maid,
Word-trusting down that grove's dim shade,
And lov'd him, since she thought him true,
As God had made her heart to do.
And when the bells were flinging wide
The loud-struck peal of some young bride,
Had fancied that she saw the gay
Church-train of her bright wedding-day,
And thought those bells, *ding dong, ding dong*,
Might sound for her before 'twas long ;
Not thinking he she lov'd would wrong
Poor Jane of Buckley-hill.

But Robert now has left his old
True-love to wed a wife with gold ;
And she, sharp-boned with freckled skin,
And wambling gait, and silly grin,

Has drawn him from his Jenny's face
Of lovely looks, and form of grace,
And soul-bewitching tongue that stirr'd
Our heart's blood with its slightest word.
But he will rue, before 'tis long,
This day's gay peal, *ding dong, ding dong.*
For his cold heart has done a wrong
To Jane of Buckley-hill.

O grief-bow'd Jenny, wat'ry-eyed
To find thyself thus cast aside,
With no bright day now coming on
To set thy maiden thought upon ;
I would thy love could thus have hung
It's hope on me when I was young,
That I might once with joy and pride
Have made thee my true-hearted bride,
In thy own Buckley church, among
Thy friends while bells rang out *ding dong.*
For I would ne'er have done thee wrong
Young Jane of Buckley-hill.

For thy true love's a thousand fold
More joy-affording than the gold
That with a cold heart thus outweigh'd
Thy loveliness, thou meek-ey'd maid.

But let them seek their gold and miss
In pride the lowly-hearted's bliss ;
For God that sees thee from above
Will bring thee yet a truer love,
And wedding peal, *ding dong, ding dong.*
But happiness ne'er lasted long
With him that did a maiden wrong,
Poor Jane of Buckley-hill.

SONNET IX.

MOURNING.

I met thee when some kindred soul had fled,
And left thee in a world of toil and care;
And thou, bedight in sable robes, hadst laid
Aside the bright ones I had known thee wear;
And seemedst then,—although before too fair,—
More winning in the weeds of grief arrayed:
And, when thou smiledst on me, with an air
So soften'd by thy sadness for the dead,

How melting was the joy that thrill'd my soul.
Long be it ere the mourner's hue be worn
Again by thee, whose sorrow is my pain;

And long ere others in the sable stole
Be mourning *for* thee; for the friends that mourn
For one so dear, can seldom smile again.

WOODCOMBE WAKE.



May still the summer morning break
With cloudless light for Woodcombe wake,
That in our early summers brought
Sweet incidents for backward-thought ;
When Woodcombe bells so blithely rung
O'er gay-fac'd clusters of the young,
And blooming cheeks and glossy brows
Were cool'd in shades of quiv'ring boughs,
And welcome rest, to weary men,
Came round again, round again.

There gay-tun'd music sweetly wound
Through touching turns of mellow sound,
And swelled on summer air that shook
The leaves and ruffled up the brook ;
And in the throng the many-smil'd
Young lips, with winning words, beguiled

Young hearts rejoicing to disown
All fear and grief as yet unknown,
While Woodcombe's old and young were then
All met again, met again.

There sturdy swains, on shining grass,
Lean'd each beside his blooming lass,
As blooming maids, with downcast glance,
Sat resting from the merry dance,
With bendings loveliest to see
Of bowing neck and folded knee;
The winning postures that untaught
But comely coyness takes unsought,
And took in her whose like, since then,
Ne'er shone again, shone again.

So let the morning's dew o'erspread
The grass, and noon have dust to tread,
With ev'ry bough's own shadow seen
In silent motion on the green,
To gather tongues that time may spare
To form sweet words of summer air,
The wife and husband glad to pass
Their merry wake with lad and lass;
It may be not to see it when
It comes again, comes again.

For why should fear of woes to come
Make merry-worded voices dumb,
Since He who made the poplar slight
To cut the storm-wind in its flight,
And formed the long-stemm'd clote(2) to keep
Above the stream that rains make deep,
Will never leave us to despair
In trials that we cannot bear:
But sends correcting griefs, and then
New joys again, joys again.

And so may power never lay
His ban upon the happy day,
For only evil minds could make
Aught evil out of Woodcombe wake,
When labor once a year sets free
Her patient sons for social glee ;
And heart-entrancing joys that bind,
In growing kindness, mind with mind.
And welcome rest to weary men
Comes round again, round again.

THE "HOME-GROUND."

The "Home-ground" is often the name of the field that is next to a farm house, and usually the "Campus Martius" of the children of the family, and so endeared to them in after life by the associations of their youth.

How welcome came before my sight
That old face seen by this day's light,
Although his cheeks no longer glow
With burning redness ; and although
His hair, once black's the glossy crow,
Is white; for when he spoke my name,
I found his voice was still the same
As I had heard in "home-ground;"

When ruddy suns withdrew the day
From games that we had met to play,

And quoits rose up, in high-bow'd flight,
From strong arms clad in snowy white,
And outstretched hands, and eager sight,
 Were bent to stop the flying balls,
With eager strides, and slips, and falls,
 On summer grass in "home-ground."

There, touching light, with flying feet,
The grassy ground, we ran, wind-fleet;
Or sprang, hound-light, with lofty springs
O'er gate and stream in lively strings;
The while our sisters, in their swings,
 Were laughing loud in merry mood,
At play, in blushing maidenhood,
 Below the trees in "home-ground."

With backs of white and legs of red,
There cackling geese, in summer, fed;
While rustling barley, load by load,
With loose-straw'd sides that hardly show'd
The rolling wheels, so slowly rode
 Behind the horses, nodding low
Their halter'd heads, and coming slow
 To barton up through "home ground."

When o'er the fields the night lay brown
E'er father yet was come from town,

There stood our mother, list'ning round
With holden breath, to hear the sound
Of horses' footsteps on the ground.
And went in griev'd to find she heard
Nought else but whisp'ring winds that stirr'd
The ashes' leaves in "home-ground."

There, north of us, a knoll swell'd high
Before the ever sunless sky,
And trees that bore the rook's high nest
Sprang tall before the stormy west
And keen-air'd east ; and left the best
Of winds, the south ones, free to blow
O'er open meadows, in the glow
Of sunshine, up through "home-ground."

And so I love the well-known names
We once heard there in youthful games;
Before our mother, hollow-eyed,
Had wept for father that had died ;
Or we lost her, all scatter'd wide,
Each struggling in the world alone,
No more to share our mirth now flown
For ever from the "home-ground."

THE ELM IN HOME-GROUND.



Green elm, whose shade, in open light,
Steals o'er the mead from morn till night,
As I have known it reach at rest
O'er rimy(3) grass-blades to the west,
Or under low-gone suns to lie
Outlength'ning to the eastern sky ;
O let thy shelt'ring shroud, dear tree,
Yet shed its airy gloom on me,
As once it fell around the feet
Of forms I never more shall meet,
In quick-limb'd youth, all laughing loud,
Below thy hillock-screening shroud ;
While o'er the water's weedy bed
The willow bent its grey-leav'd head,
And dragonflies were darting through
The drooping rushes, dazzling blue.

For while the summer ground is green
With grass below thy midday screen,

How fain am I to come and find
The few that time has left behind,
Of those whose well-known tongues can tell
Their tales of all that once befell
The laughing lad, and giggling lass,
That lean'd below thee on the grass.

But when the moonlight marks anew
Thy murky shadow on the dew,
So slowly o'er the sleeping flow'rs
Onsliding through the nightly hours,
While smokeless on the houses height
The higher chimney gleams in light,
Above yon reedy roof where now,
With rosy cheeks, and lily brow,
No watchful mother's ward, within
The window, sleeps for me to win:

O then, how soothing will it seem
To see thy meadow and its stream,
While near thy shadow no bird cleaves
The nightly air that shakes thy leaves:
And, bringing back the mellow light
Of bygone days in darksome night,
In wordless thought to draw the dead
Where daylight's living do not tread.

For those who look with *heavy heart*
On *happy times* that soon depart,
In *fancy's fairy* dreams may leave
The *faithless world* in which they grieve,
And live o'er days the *mourning mind*
Likes *most* to look to back behind;
And I will seek some youthful scene
Of *summer* on thy hillock green.

SONNET X.

THE WITHERED TREE.

Thou witherest, and summer ne'er will bring
Again thy glossy leaves, thou dying tree :
And now melodious birds come not to thee,
Although in all the trees around they sing.
And thus, when youth is over,—and no spring [flee,—
Brings back our bloom and blitheness when they
The younger world will catch the hope and glee
That pass by us, like playful birds on wing.

And so in waning life, when joys we know
In youth will long have vanished from the breast ;
And when the world-forsaken soul must sigh

To leave that world so soon, or be so slow
To gain its place of everlasting rest ;
How blest is he that may have learnt to die !

THE NIGHT-AIR.

“ Now you come in,” her mother cried.
“ We’re only going,” Jane replied,
“ To bring the Henleys on their way
As far’s the bridge. We shall not stay.”
“ Ah ! you’ll be ill again in bed.
Why youv’e no bonnet on your head,
You know ; and all your neck is bare:
You’ll catch a cold in this night-air.”

“ The fog is up beside the stream
In lower mead, as white as steam ;
And in the leaze you’ll only beat
The dew from grass to wet your feet.
And you will wander in a bog,
And breathe, for half an hour, of fog;
Though you were told you must beware
Of going out in this night-air.”

“ There, La ! now mother, how you talk !
As if one might not take a walk
Down ‘ home-ground ’ on a road of stone,
Or through the mead that’s lately mown !
Or, after melting all the day
Afield among the burning hay,
One must not look out any where
To get a breath of this cool air ! ”

So off she went, and soon let go
Her brother’s for her Egbert’s bow ;
And laugh’d in “ home-ground,” at her fright
To see an owl in heavy flight ;
And took up off its dewy blade,
Within the maple’s mooncast shade,
A glow-worm, that with fiery glare
Was shining through the cool night-air.

They parted where the silver-weed
Grew dewy on the brookside mead,
And sparkling waves, with idle shocks,
Were dashing on the mossy rocks ;
While, in the wood, the nightingale
Was telling his unanswer’d tale,
Though she, with joyful pride, heard there
A sweeter one in that night-air.

But Jane was taken ill and died ;
And so was never Egbert's bride.
And who can blame her that allows
The witchery of lovers' vows ?
And none could ever tell, for truth,
How 'twas she faded in her youth,
Though some, with confidence, declare
She caught her death in that night-air.

And so she made her Egbert take
Again, and keep it for her sake,
A broach whereon there might be read
Her name in gold when she was dead.
And praying God he would forgive
Her sin for having wish'd to live,
She went to Heaven, angel-fair,
No more to breathe of our night-air.

SONNET XI.

In ev'ry dream thy lovely features rise ;
I see them in the sunshine of the day ;
Thy form is flitting still before my eyes
Where'er at eve I tread my lonely way ;
In ev'ry moaning wind I hear thee say
Sweet words of consolation, while thy sighs
Seem borne along on ev'ry blast that flies ;
I live, I talk with thee where'er I stray :

And yet thou never more shalt come to me
On earth, for thou art in a world of bliss,
And fairer still—if fairer thou canst be—

Than when thou bloomed'st for a while in this.
Few be my days of loneliness and pain
Until I meet in love with thee again.

WHITBURN'S GREEN AND WHITE.

How fresh the air, how soft the light,
That fann'd the cheeks and fill'd the sight,
When *Robert*, in the evening, met
His *Jane* before the sun had set,
Or gath'ring dews had fall'n to wet
The jasmine by the house's side,
Or dark'ning twilight came to hide
 From his fond sight,
 In airy night,
Sweet Whitburn water's green and white.

For climbing plants with flow'rs and leaves
Hid all the wall from ground to eaves ;
And stems of snow-white lilies plied,
Wind-shaken, by the lawn spread wide
And long before the house's side ;

And snow-white geese, with quiv'ring tails,
Were cackling by the snow-white rails,
 And filled the sight,
 In summer light,
With lively hues of green and white.

A snow-white bridge of trusty planks
Bore Robert o'er the brook's green banks,
Above the ribbon'd sedge's stalk,
And water sparkling on the chalk ;
And when young Jenny took her walk
On Sunday evenings, in the height
Of summer, she was all in white ;
 And walk'd in mien
 A stately queen,
In Whitburn water's white and green.

The appletrees with snow-white bloom
O'erspread the grassy orchard's gloom,
And hawthorns open'd to the heat,
In ev'ry hedge, their snow-white sheet ;
And where she walk'd with light-shod feet,
The daisy-buds, not yet conceal'd
By grass, bespangled all the field ;
 While May's warm light,
 Had thus bedight,
All Whitburn with its green and white.

But Robert had to go away
From Jenny, on from June till May ;
And coming back he found her wan,
With black instead of white put on
For both the old folk that were gone,
And underneath their grassy heap
And chalk-white headstone lay asleep ;
 Betok'ning right,
 To others' sight,
Their love of Whitburn's green and white.

But they, poor souls, could only save
Enough to take them to the grave,
And so left Jane, with tearful pray'r,
Behind, to God's unfailing care.
But Robert took her soon to share
The joys and trials of his life,
His everfaithful-hearted wife,
 So dear's the light,
 To his fond sight,
For olden days of green and white.

And so he went away and took
The little farm at Whitburn brook ;

And train'd the jasmine round the door,
 And kept the green as 'twas before,
 With all the railings painted o'er
 Snow-white, and red-legg'd geese to swim
 The stream, or tread its weedy brim ;
 That so the light,
 May give his sight,
 Dear Whitburn's hues of green and white.

MOONLIGHT.

O when, with weary limbs, we lose (4)
The light, with day-time's thousand hues,
And when, from shady shapes of night,
We shut in sleep our weary sight,
All heedless how the stars may light
The hoary fogs of airy night ;
To light the road for later eyes
The lofty moon then climbs the skies,
And southern sides of boughs grow bright-
Above the darksome shades of night,
Where cheeks in glimm'ring gloom may hide
Their glowing by a sweetheart's side ;
As when in younger years we took
Home you up hill beyond the brook,
With lightsome limbs all skipping through
The leazes wet with sparkling dew,
Below the shining moon that show'd
The sharp-edg'd hollows nigh our road,
With wan light on the water's face
To warn us off the darksome place,

Where *more* than one had *miss'd* their ground
On *moonless* evenings, and been drown'd.
There *lengthen'd* shadows, *lying* dim
Below the gravelpit's sharp brim,
Marked out its *form*, lest folk should go
And *fall* o'er headlong down below;
And show'd us *plainly* where the *planks*
Were placed athwart the gullies' banks,
And *hard* things stood to *hit* the eyes
Of *heads* abroad with lightless skies.

So, when the *dusk* of *day* is gone,
The *duller* moon comes slowly on,
Up-*rising* round her star-bound bow
For *roving* mortals here below.
But still, of *light* that she has *lent*
To *lead* me on the ways I went,
The *welcomest* to me was *while*
I *watch'd* my Fanny's parting smile,
As she *bestow'd* outstanding nigh
The *stone* at door her sweet "Good bye,"
With *moon-bright* forehead, *marble* fair,
Among her locks of *sloe-black* hair,
That *wav'd* in summer *winds* before
The *wall-side* jessamine at door,
In *seemly* loops between my *sight*
And some pale star of early night.

**"HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS
RETURN." (5)**

One glowing evening, when shades were dark'ning
Below the elm trees before her door,
I pass'd with light ling'ring footsteps, hark'ning
To sounds that struck through my fond heart's core.
For there, with soul-touching turn and swell,
An unknown voice sweetly rose and fell,
And sang, as far as I then could learn,
"How sweet's the love that meets return."

There in the hall by the evening lighted,
Within a casement set open wide,
And tired with work that she never slighted,
She sat at rest by her brother's side;
And, as the tune wound so high and low,
Beneath his light string-awak'ning bow,
She sang the old song she wish'd to learn,
"How sweet's the love that meets return."

And once I saw her so light's a fairy,
 With glowing cheeks under glossy locks,
With busy hands cutting down rosemary,
 And blue-ear'd spike for her snow-white frocks ;
And felt that no one of womankind
Could take like her my bewildered mind.
I lov'd her fondly, but had to learn
" How sweet's the love that meets return."

But when at Maypole we young folk palled
 Below the garlands with dying leaves,
And I took her off, so happy-hearted,
 To see her home to her houses eaves ;
Then by the kind words she spoke so fast,
And by her looks and her smiles at last,
I found that night, by the moon-bright durn,
" How sweet's the love that meets return."

And when for my sake, in wedlock holy,
 She left the old folks to sit alone,
While through the evening the clock tick'd slowly,
 And crickets chirp'd by the warm hearth-stone ;
They lov'd to talk of their daughter gone,
And wondered how we were going on ;
For in their hearts never ceased to burn
For her, the love that met return.

And when, soon after, again I drove her
Back home to see them, a welcome child,
She laugh'd to see how her flow'rs ran over
The place, forsaken and rambling wild.
Within her room one had dared to peep,
As though to see if she lay asleep,
And some climbed over the pales and durn,
As if in love that sought return.

DAY DREAMS.

'Twas a dark summer day
That was fading away,
And a mist flew over the plain ;
And the meadows were shorn,
And the ripening corn,
Was all wet with the slow-falling rain.
And I heard not a sound but the wood-thrushes strain,
As beside the hedgerows,
Where the woodbine and rose
And green oak were my shelter, I sunk to repose.

And with turf for my bed,
And with boughs o'er my head,
There I seem'd, while pond'ring, to see
The old Britons, to whom
Such a wide-spreading gloom
Of the oak, their most favorite tree,
Afforded in summer a cool canopy ;
While abroad in the mead
The wide herd or the steed
Came down from the mountain-top fastness to feed.

There the blue woody streaks
On their arms and their cheeks,
And their bows, I seem'd to behold ;
And the temple that stood
In the dark hallow'd wood,
And the mistletoe cut down with gold. (6)
And the berry-fed Druid, and Bard as he told
Of the green oaken crown
Worn by men of renown [down.
When the sword-wingèd(7) car cut their enemies

For where hillocks may swell
From the wood-shaded dell,
On which only our own eyes may look ;
With the brown summerleaze,
Or the wind-shaken trees,
Or the lily that floats on the brook :
The quick fancy creates for each green voiceless nook
Some unvoiced human face
With its motion and grace,
To give life to the lovely but desolate place.

THE EEGRASS. (8)



With stricken heart, and melting mood,
I rov'd along the mead to brood
In freedom, at the eventide,
On souls that time has scatter'd wide ;
As by the boughy hedge's side
 The shadows darken'd into night,
 And cooling airs, with wanton flight,
 Were blowing o'er the eegrass.

There fancy roam'd from place to place,
From year to year, to find some face
That I no more shall look upon,
Or see in sadness, sorrow-wan,
Or time-worn with its brightness gone ;
 And my own Lucy, fair to see,
 Seem'd there to come again to me,
 Up o'er the shining eegrass.

As when upon a summer's day,
While we were there at hawling hay,
With downcast look she lightly drew
Her rake-head to her shapely shoe,
With hands well skill'd to bring it through
The tangled crowfoot-stems, that broke
The rakes for us poor clumsy folk,
And still are in the eegrass.

And there the storms that spring clouds shed,
Fell lately on her hooded head,
The while she sat, at eventide,
A-milking by her dun cow's side;
And there, when summer, sunny-skied
And boughy-wooded, brought its heat,
She trod the flow'rs with light-shod feet,
But comes not o'er the eegrass.

O summer all thy crops are down,
And copse and leaze are turning brown,
And cuckoos leave the boughs to fade
Through waning autumn in the glade ;
And we have lost our blooming maid.
So all thou broughtest fresh and fair
Begins to wither ev'ry where,
But this bright-bladed eegrass.

THE LANE.

I love the narrow lane's dark bows,
When summer glows or winter blows ;
Or when the hedge-born primrose hides
Its head upon the dry banksides,
By ribby-rinded maple shoots,
Or round the dark-stemm'd hazel's roots ;
Where weather-beaten ivy winds
Unwith'ring o'er the elms' brown rinds,
And where the ashes white bough whips
The whistling air with coal-black tips ;
And where the grassy ground, beside
The gravel-washing brook, lies wide,
And leaping lambs, with shrill-toned throats,
Bleat loudly in their first white coats,
And rooks through clear air cleave, in black
And cloud-high flocks, their unmark'd track,
And merry larks are whistling loud,
Aloft, unshaded by a cloud.

Like the narrow lane's dark bow,
 When winter blows or summer glows;
 Where winter summer runs between
 The mossy images of ivy green,
 The narrow streamers easily mock
 The moving moss that becomes rock,
 The wind-torn leaves & blossoms red below
 The trumpet-tower & ivy's flow'ry bow,
 The snow-drops & heading stalks upheave
 Their scarlet cups in sunny air,
 Where I may hear the wind-brought words
 Of sweet-sink with the songs of birds,
 And think I see them seated upon their meads,
 And singing in the roadside meads.

Like the narrow lane's dark bow,
 When summer glows or winter blows;
 It is the fall when leaves all fade,
 The sun-burnt in the airy shade,
 And in the shelter'd glen the blast
 The shelter down the green-cup'd mast,
 And time is black'ning blue-skinn'd sloes,
 The blackberries on bramble bows,
 And ripening haws are growing red
 Around the grey-rin'd hawthorn's head,
 And hawthorn branches broken-tipp'd
 And haws of all their nuts are stripp'd,

And in the leazes, *whiffing white*,
The *whirling* thistle seeds alight
In sunshine, *struck* from bents' brown stalks
By *strolling* girls in Sunday walks.

I love the narrow lane's dark bows,
When summer glows or winter blows,
And *wildly* driven *wet* is cast
Through *windy* gates upon the blast,
And *trickling* down the *trees*, around
Their *trunks*, the rain drops fall to ground,
And *wither'd* leaves, too *wet* to ride
The *winds*, line ev'ry ditches side,
Nor songs of birds, nor merry sounds,
Of souls at work are in the grounds:
O then the lane affords its lee
Of *limber* bough, and sturdy tree,
And so I love its winding bows
When summer glows or winter blows.

A U T U M N.



The *waning* days now *waft* us on
From *world-enlight'ning* summer gone,
And *shrill* cold winds, above the *shrouds*
Of *shaken* trees, drive darksome clouds
O'er *gloomy* grass within the *glades*,
Where *glowing* lights and quiv'ring shades
Were *lately* lying, in the heat
Of *longer* days, beneath our feet.

The *bending* stream that *bubbled* by
Its *bank* among the stones half dry,
When in the *heat* of *high-sunn'd* noon
Our *hay* was rustling grey in June ;
With yellow *waves* is rolling *wide*
And *wild* along the wet rock's side ;
And *bending* trees now *bow* and *twist*
All *beaten* by the wind-borne mist,

And on below them lightly leap
 Their leaves adown the leeward steep ;
 Where lately in a ring, around
 The ridge, their boughs begloomed the ground,
 And they in fading fell as light
 As feathers from their airy height,
 In bleak air softly blowing through
 The black-thorn with its sloes of blue.

O blue-sky'd summer, now the bloom
 Of blowing flowers, and the gloom
 Of leaves but lately green, where grows
 The grove of elms in goodly rows,
 With thy soft air, and long days' light,
 Are lost for winter's storms and night. .
 For never-tiring time but gives
 To take away, and so man lives
 With less to love till he, at last,
 Is lost with all he held so fast.

A WINTER NIGHT.



It was a chilly winter's night ;
And frost was glitt'ring on the ground,
And evening stars were twinkling bright ;
And from the gloomy plain around
 . Came no sound,
But where, within the wood-girt tow'r,
The churchbell slowly struck the hour ;

As if that all of human birth
 Had risen to the final day,
And soaring from the wornout earth
 Were called in hurry and dismay,
 Far away ;
And I alone of all mankind
Were left in loneliness behind.

THE HOLLY TREE.



Green holly, *glitt'ring* in the *gleams*
Of *gloomy* winter, when the beams
Of *western* suns break *wan* between
The *wat'ry* clouds, and winds blow keen
Through leafless *hawthorns*, growing *high*
In *hedge* below thy *chilly* sky.
Thy life betokens, as we tread
The *trackless* beds of leaves all dead,
That though, in *wint'ry* winds, they now
Have *wither'd* on their *shaken* bough,
The *shrouds* that *shed* them at our feet
Will *share* again the quick'ning heat
Of lofty suns, and *groves* shall grow
All *green* again in summer's glow.
O *holly* green, *unheeded* child
Of *heathy* slope, and woodland wild,
Of evergreens with limbs bent *low*
By loads of lightly-sinking snow,

But few are *left*, O *lonely* tree,
With *less* of heed or help than thee.
The *clinging* ivy-stem, that *cleaves*
To *cloud*-high trees, with glist'ning leaves,
Or with its *crookèd* limbs o'er*crawls*
The *crevices* of lofty walls,
Holds *steady* by its trusty *stay*
When *storms* begloom the winter's day.
The mistletoe, disowning *earth*,
The *air*-fed child of lofty birth,
Keeps on her *sunny* tree her *seat*
Unsoil'd by touch of *earth*-borne feet;
While o'er the *grey* old headstone *grows*
The *green*-bark'd yew, wall'd in from foes
In *hallow'd* ground, to hang its *head*
Un*harm'd*, o'ershadowing the dead.
The *forest* *fir* that seems to mock
Its *foes* upon the ragged rock,
With twisting roots holds *firmly fast*
By *faithful* cliffs, and bears the blast ;
And *weatherbeaten* walls inclose
The *winter* laurel from its *foes*,
Where, near the house, its *scanty* *screen*
*Bes*kirts the walk upon the *green* ;
And some fair girl, who *first* has *felt*
Her *ful*fraught heart with true love melt,
When fields are *wearing*, wide below
Her *window*, glitt'ring coats of snow,

Steals *meekly* from her *mother's* eyes,
To *meditate* by twilight *skies* ;
And walks, unoccupied by *ought*
But one dear name, in blissful thought
Of *bridal* days still *breaking* blest
To *bring* her joy and leave her rest.
But no strong *fence* nor faithful tree
Affords a saving strength to thee,
Green *holly*, standing on thy *hill*
Unheeded, but preserv'd from ill
By *thorn*-sharp prickles *thrilling* keen
A *threat'ning* foe, fair evergreen ;
Thus *showing*, holy *shrub*, the low
Unshielded souls o'erwhelm'd with woe ;
That God in *love* will never *leave*
O'erlook'd his children when they grieve.
When *winter* brings the *welcome* morn
That *warns* us of a Saviour born,
And *meeting* kindred bring to *mind*
The *mercy* God has shown our kind,
Thy *ruddy* berries set around
The room, are shaken by the sound
Of *festive* laugh, and *freaky* joke,
Of *frolic*-loving younger folk,
While mothers, smiling *side* by *side*,
All see their daughters' mirth with pride,
Enjoying o'er, in *melting* mood,
Their *mirthful* games of maidenhood,

Forgetful of the time to go
Through gath'ring sheets of glitt'ring snow ;
Till low Orion faintly lights
Their lonely road, from western heights.
So live undying to adorn
Our day of joy thou tree forlorn ;
Still meeting mirth and hearty cheer
And music welcoming the year,
In happy homes where love may glow
In hearts but little tried with woe.

M O S S .

O rain-bred moss that now dost hide
The timber's bark and wet rock's side,
Upshining to the sun, between
The darksome storms, in lively green,
And wash'd by pearly rain drops clean,
Steal o'er my lonely path, and climb
My wall, dear child of silent time.
O winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

Green child of winter, born to take
Whate'er the hands of man forsake,
That makest dull, in rainy air,
His labour-brighten'd works ; so fair
While newly left in summer's glare ;

And stealest o'er the stone that keeps
His name in mem'ry where he sleeps.
O winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn us of the time that's gone.

Come lowly plant that lov'st, like me,
The shadow of the woodland tree,
And waterfall where echo mocks
The milkmaid's song by dripping rocks,
And sunny turf for roving flocks,
And ribby elms extending wide
Their roots within the hillock's side.
Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

Come, meet me wandering, and call
My mind to some green mould'ring hall
That once stood high, the fair-wall'd pride
Of hearts that lov'd, and hoped, and died,
Ere thou hadst climb'd around its side :
Where blooming faces once were gay
For eyes no more to know the day.
Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

While there in youth,—the sweetest part
Of life,—with joy-believing heart,
They liv'd their own dear days, all fraught
With incidents for after-thought
In later life, when fancy brought
The outline of some faded face
Again to its forsaken place.

Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

Come where thou climbest, fresh and free,
The grass-beglooming apple-tree,
That, hardly shaken with my small
Boy's strength, with quiv'ring head, let fall
The apples we lik'd most of all,
Or elm I climb'd, with clasping legs,
To reach the crow's high-nested eggs.
Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

Or where I found thy yellow bed
Below the hill-borne fir-tree's head,
And heard the whistling east wind blow
Above, while wood-screen'd down below
I rambled in the spring-day's glow,

And watch'd the low-car'd hares upspring
From cover, and the birds take wing.

Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

Or where the bluebells bent their tops
In windless shadows of the copse ;
Or where the misty westwind blew
O'er primroses that peer'd out through
Thy bankside bed, and scatter'd dew
O'er grey spring grass I watch'd alone
Where thou hadst grown o'er some old stone.

Come winter moss, creep on, creep on,
And warn me of the time that's gone.

SONNET XII.

TO DEAD FRIENDS.

Departed spirits, living far away ;
Oh ! could ye hear my whispers where ye dwell,
Or could my prayer, like a magic spell,
Bring back your beaming forms to where I stray ;
How would I meet you, when the garish day
Had left calm moonlight in the wood and dell,
And talk with you of other days, and tell
The joys and sorrows of this mortal clay.

But ye are far away, no more to tread
The busy ways of men, or to be seen
In lonely path, or laughter-sounding room.

A gulf between the living and the dead
Is fix'd for ever, and our Lord has been
Our resurrection only through the tomb.

SONNET XIII.

HAPPY DREAMS.

O when, in happy dreams of silent night,
My soul roams back to some sweet youthful scene,
Annihilating all the years between
My present sorrow and my past delight,
How lovely then appear before my sight
In youthful mirth, and with their youthful mien,
My early friends, no longer to be seen
When dream-dispelling morning brings its light.

Come shades of evening, brood around my bed,
Allaying all the sorrows of the day,
And wakening remembrance of the past ;

That I may bask again in summers fled,
And live through joys that time has borne away,
The joys that gath'ring sorrows cannot blast.

BURNCOMBE HOLLOW.



While snowy nightwinds, blowing bleak
Up hill, made rock-borne fir-trees creak,
And drove the snow-flakes, feather-light,
O'er icy streams in playsome flight,
And while the roof was snowy white,
 There blazing cleftwood threw its heat
 With ruddy light, to chilly feet,
 In lonely Burncombe hollow.

And Jenny, that had just put down
Her load of errands brought from town,
Sat leaning backward in her chair,
Cheek-warm, with weather-loosen'd hair ;
And told, with smiles 'twas bliss to share,
 Her news ; while putting out for heat,
 Down side by side, her comely feet,
 At home in Burncombe hollow.

And while the children ran to pull
Her errands from her basket full,
Her friends and I, all wordless, hung
Upon the words of her gay tongue;
But they with old love, I with young :
 For all my soul, with all my sight,
 Were given up that happy night,
 To Jane of Burncombe hollow.

And where did first her sweet voice own
Her love for me and me alone,
But climbing up the eastern side
Of Burncombe hollow, that did hide
The western sunset, crimson-dyed,
 O'er leaves that rustled on the ground,
 Below the ivy twining round
 The trees of Burncombe hollow.

And now her careful friends that bred
Her up so fair and good, are dead;
And she, a woman mild and staid,
Is keeping house where once she play'd
And won my love, a blooming maid ;
 And all the joy my soul can know
 With her will stay, with her must go
 From me in Burncombe hollow.

And so 'tis sweet with her my wife
To look back o'er our wedded life,
Which she, e'er smiling in my sight,
Has made a cloudless day, still bright,
But waning slowly into night ;
And if I had my time once more
To choose, I'd choose no maid before
The maid of Burncombe hollow.

So winter darkness come to brood
O'er sullen moans of waving wood,
Come hov'ring snow, so lightly cast
Upon the ground where ice seals fast
The water from the cutting blast.
I heed you not, while shelter'd where
Love lights me up the ruddy glare
Of fire in Burncombe hollow.

THE MAID THAT I HAVE WON.

The winning maid that I have won
Of womankind's the very sun,
That in her dazzling day-light hides
The duller maids I know besides,
Like twinkling stars all wan and weak
That wane from morning's golden streak.
Her soul's as pure's the lofty light
The lark sings in at greatest height ;
Her love's as true as low-cast shades
To lofty suns above the glades ;
And she is to be woo'd and won
By one alone below the sun ;
And God has met my heart to make
A maid so fair for my poor sake,
And did not either bring her on
For eyes of generations gone,
Or leave her longer back, to shine
In later days than these of mine,
But rais'd her ripening now to be
So rich a prize alone for me.

SONNET XIV.

THE STORM.

The raving storm is rife, and where a beam
Of sunlight pierces through the misty cloud,
The spreading waters of the river gleam
Below the ruff'ing wind that roars aloud
Among the writhing saplings, lowly bow'd
With wildly fitful fury, till they seem
To sweep the ground, while trickling waters stream
Adown their green-ribb'd sides. The cattle crowd

Before the weatherbeaten hedge, and man
Below some roof that rocks above his head
Seeks shelter from the heavy rolling blast :

And twitt'ring birds all shield them where they can,
Below the dripping tree or broad-eav'd shed,
Until the fury of the storm is past.

MARY COMES NOT TO THE TREE.

Ye clouds that *hide*, with *hasty* flight,
The *high-gone* moon's inconstant light ;
Ye *roaring* nightwinds, flitting round
The *rocking* tree with hollow sound,
While *dashing* down the scatter'd *drops*
Of *driven* rain from high *boughtops*,
A *darksome* night ye *make* for *me*,
For *Mary* comes not to the tree.

For *wat'ry* grass now *waves* its head
Too *wet* for her light feet to tread,
And *brimful* *brooks*, that wildly roll
Out*breaking* from their banks' controul,
In ruffled sheets, are *washing* wide
The *willows* by the water side,
In *floods* o'er*flowing*, like a sea,
Her *footway* over to the tree.

I *saw* her *soft* looks out before
The *sun* this morning at the door,
To see the *flail*, with *flying* staff,
Swing *fleetly* round, and fan-blown chaff
Sink *feather* light in hov'ring falls
Before the old barn's moss-green walls,
And *took* her *token* she would be
In *time* to night below the tree.

So *spend* ye raving storms your *spite*
In *speed* upon the earth to night ;
Ye *wavy waters* roll away
Ere *wanes* another longsome day,
That *moonspread light* may *lure* once more
My *lovely Mary* from her door,
And *softly shine* to let her *see*
Her *safest* footway to the tree.

THE BONNET IN THE WATER.

A winter's midday sunn'd the tops
Of red-stemm'd boughs in hedge and copse,
And circling winds, with playsome flight,
That blew to darksome hills, where light
First breaks upon our eastward sight,
And bent the withy-wand, and shook
The white-leav'd reeds beside the brook,
Were whirling on the water.

•
And there a little maid, with fast
But little span-wide footsteps, past,
Out-bearing, with a smileless pride,
Hung underhanded at her side,
Within a snow-white napkin tied,
Her father's dinner, far beyond
Where whiffy winds, that cross'd the pond,
Were whirling on the water.

Who knows how sweet a father feels
The coming of such homely meals,
Prepared by love with timely thought,
And thus by meek-soul'd childhood brought!
Not all the dainties gold e'er bought,
 Could bring him greater bliss, although
He takes them where the cold winds blow
 Athwart the wavy waters.

Her locks were hanging, glossy black,
Wind-driven down her neck and back;
And by the pond, to her dismay,
The wind, that tried as if in play
To take her little cloak away,
 At last blew suddenly inside
Her little bonnet now untied,
 And whirl'd it on the waters.

And others, standing on the brim,
Might laugh to see the bonnet swim,
Although it made the poor maid start
And shake with fright in ev'ry part,
For mother-fear was in her heart ;
 But yet, at last, she found a wand
To reach it whirling o'er the pond,
 Upon the ruffled waters.

And, as she tried, the faithless clay
Below her footstep slipp'd away,
And downward to the dismal deep
She sank, while water, in a heap,
Roll'd bubbling over her, to keep
Her little form so young and fair,
With blooming cheeks and glossy hair,
Beneath the whirling waters.

But God, who set his ground below
Our feet, and made his waters flow,
That love may help us when they roll
Or fall to hurt us, binds each soul
With sweet compassion to the whole:
And so brought me along that way
To see that little maid that lay
Thus struggling in the waters.

And eagerly I went to wade
The water to the little maid,
And with a joy excelling aught
That now can hold my backward thought,
I saw her rise alive, and caught
Her in my clasping arms half dead,
And rais'd her from her wavy bed,
The ever whirling waters.

ROSE OF FARRANCOOMBE.



The south wind roll'd six furlongs o'er
A houseless moor to reach his door,
And then blew o'er a grove of oak
Before it curl'd another's smoke;
But God had sent him, ne'ertheless,
One joy-affording soul to bless
His gloomy days of loneliness,
Young Rose of Farrancombe.

And, trusting to a love untried,
She went with him, a blushing bride,
From where her maiden loves, among
Her maiden joys, had grown so strong ;
And lost the name that long had rung
Upon the green from tongue to tongue,
In evening clusters of the young,
Rose Hine of Farrancombe.

She left her father,—once so blest
With her to wait on him at rest :
And sister,—sharing, ever kind,
The whisper'd burden of her mind ;
And brother,—with some playful joke
To bring her long-pent laugh, that broke
Through angry looks, put on to cloak
Her heart at Farrancombe.

She left her maiden home behind,
And went to spend, with thoughtful mind,
On Woodley moor her coming days,
Beneath a husband's love and praise;
But there her cheeks soon lost their hue
With waning joy, and grief that grew
Too heavy for a maid so true
As Rose of Farrancombe.

For he she trusted, soon begun
To slight the home that would have won
A better heart from all the noise
Of idle tongues that brought him joys ;
And nightly by the dull fire-side,
With slighted love, and wounded pride,
There sat, a pale forsaken bride,
Young Rose of Farrancombe.

And there she kept her embers bright
Through longsome hours at dead of night,
With cheek-blooms that would live and die
At sounds that seem'd his footsteps nigh;
And still his love would then have made
Amends for all the time he staid,
But he brought home no love that paid
 Poor Rose of Farrancoombe.

So sleepless nights, and gnawing thought,
And night-fears with a cold she caught,
Soon seal'd her eyes to watch no more
For his late coming to the door;
And so with wax-cold cheeks, all bound
In white, they laid her in the ground,
Up where her own sweet church-bells sound,
 At home at Farrancoombe.

MEMORY'S STORES.

My business brought me in my way
To Burnley back the other day ;
And, sitting there in some old hall
Beside the gloomy-window'd wall,
I saw a wither'd woman throwing
Her wrinkled arm up backward, sewing,
Downlooking low, with glass-help'd sight,
To lead her slow-drawn stitches right ;
Though never turning ear or eye
To us that happen'd to be nigh :
But when she heard my name, she held
Her hand upon the seam she fell'd,
And, taking off her eyes, made free
To ask who might my mother be ?
I told her ; and my tongue upstirr'd
Her torpid heart's blood by the word :
And in her lap she lightly laid
Her long-boned arm, from labor stay'd,

And open'd all the hidden store
Of olden joys her mem'ry bore,
And told me of her heart-lov'd home,
And holidays that let her roam,
With my lost mother wand'ring wild
A winning child, with her a child ;
Or moving forth, more staid in mood
And mien, in high-soul'd womanhood :
Of wakes, and days that broke to bring
The brisk youths to the maypole ring,
Where folks, now all grown old, were then
But air-light girls, and spry young men :
Of joys the shyfaced maiden shares
With shifting crowds in deaf'ning fairs,
Where, conscious of the growth and grace
That greet her on her glasses face,
She goes, with seemly softness, by,
Look-seeking still, but ever shy :
Of feats that folks did once, but few
Are fit in later times to do :
Of lonesome widows left in woe,
That lost their husbands years ago ;
When strong-wav'd streams o'erflow'd their banks,
Or storms o'erthrew the elms' high ranks ;
And others that were lost, for lack
Of light the ling'ring moon kept back,
When over darksome eastern skies
No evening star was seen to rise,

And no slow team, in shining train,
Was travelling with Charles's wain ;
And tales of bridegrooms, hale and bold,
With burning hearts by death made cold,
Or youth bewilder'd, weeping near
His wax-cold maid upon her bier,
For God she told us takes the best
Betimes to everlasting rest.
And as she follow'd, line by line,
My long-lost mother's face in mine,
She told us what a trusty part
Was taken by her good young heart,
When first her father died, and all
His family but she were small :
And how she met, a thoughtful maid,
Her mother's weary hands with aid,
And did the most she ever might
To make her heavy loss seem light.
And thus the old soul led us on
Through all her heart-dear seasons gone,
With tales of mourning minds of old,
That my poor mother left untold.
For e'er we leave the light that show'd
The looks that blest our short abode,
Our burden'd heart is fain to find
That faithful mortals, left behind,
Will hold, with hearts of kindred clay,
The list'ry of our little day ;

And thus the hoary headstone prays
For heedful thought in after days,
And fellow-mortals still hold fast
Their fleeting earth-loves to the last,
And lay upon the last they see
Their love's injunction, "Think of me."
But God knows all the ills forlorn
And overgrieving hearts have borne,
And ne'er o'erlooking, though they lie
In lowly dust, the griefs that try
Them now, will weigh with equal weight
Their woe, and make the crooked straight.

SONNET XV.

TO MY MOTHER'S SPIRIT.

Lost spirit of the past ! when summer skies
Of former years were spread o'er thee, a child ;
And thou wert seen in sunny day, by eyes
That left the light before thine own, all wild
And joyful in thy native fields, beguil'd
By summer flow'rs, or circling butterflies ;
And thy young face, in quick succession, smil'd
And wept ; e'er yet thy tender soul was wise

In worldly care. Oh ! in the waking dream
That holds my fancy when I think of thee,
As I behold thee in the sultry gleam

Of noon, or milder evening, gay and free ;
How bright and happy o'er all we can see
Those fancied seasons of thy childhood seem.

OLD FASHIONS.

We got our *mother* in the *mood*
Last *May* to wear her silken hood,
And hoarded scarf that once beſung
Her handsome neck, when she was young ;
And gaudy gown, that she had drawn
With girlish footsteps o'er the lawn ;
And as we *scann'd* the *scarf*, in place
Of scanty fringes, trimm'd with lace,
And saw the *flaring* gown, that *flew*
So *flaunting* in the air, we two
Cried *mother*, how could maidens go
Among their neighbours such a show ?
You *must* have rack'd your *minds* enough
To *make* yourselves such ugly stuff !
And then our *mother* mildly smiled
And *made* Jane answer, " Ah, my child,
When first, with *lightsome* limbs, I threw
This lace-trimm'd scarf upon me new,

Its make was by your father more
Admired than any that I wore,
And made him fancy he should find
No fashion else so take his mind.
And you upon its lace once lean'd
Your little nodding head, unwean'd,
In light robes hanging loosely down
All filly-white before this gown,
When hopeful, round the hallow'd stone,
We had you made your Saviour's own ;
E'er on your wordless life but one
Yet waning moon had ever shone.
And this scarf flutter'd in the flight
Of fitting winds, in summer light,
When my young ringlets raven-black
Would reach half down my upright back,
And my quick eyes glanced proudly o'er
Dear objects I shall see no more.
And so our louder laugh, the while
We listen'd, ended in a smile,
To hear how warm her feelings woke
To words to hear the words we spoke.

SONNET XVI.

ON SEEING SOME VERY OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS
IN AN ANCIENT MANSION.

When those who hang upon these walls, so drawn
In ancient dresses, but in youthful bloom,
In life and health were moving through the room,
Or walk'd with joy and smiles upon the lawn,
Or rode, with horn and hounds, at early dawn,
O'er lofty hill, or through the woody coomb ;
Before the darkness of the sculptur'd tomb
Around their marble-curtain'd heads was drawn ;

The times were hardly gone when on the height
The hoary castle stood, and in the dell
Arose the solitary convent tow'r ;

And in the golden glow of evening light
Were heard the choral hymn, and vesper bell ;
And wand'ring spirits claim'd the midnight hour.

SONNET XVII.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

The elms are waving in the nightly squall,
And fallen leaves below them overspread
The mossy pathway, in a rustling bed,
As winds blow hoarsely through the empty hall,
Where once the glitt'ring knight and lady led
The happy train of dancers at the ball.
The weeds are growing o'er the mould'ring wall,
The long-forsaken pride of owners dead ;

Whose hounds no more are heard upon the blast,
All answering the horn's exciting call ;
And crackling chariot wheels have ceas'd to roll

Through these forsaken portals, still and fast.
When thus I look on some deserted hall
How soft a sadness steals upon my soul.

SONNET XVIII.

GRECIAN MAIDS.

Oh ! lovely were the Grecian maids of old
When, hand in hand, in heathen holydays,
They sang the solemn hymn, or traced the maze
Of sacred dances, bright with gems and gold ;
Or, clad in robes of white or purple, stroll'd
In holy groves, or myrtle-border'd ways ;
Or sat and swept the light-toned lute, and told
Wild tales of love, or sung some heroë's praise :

But lovelier were the Grecian maids to see
At Greece's Gospel morning, when as yet,
The Christian daughters of the holy *Paul*,

All meek with godly grace, and gather'd all
Within their Christian house of pray'r, they met
With holy kisses at the *Agape*.

SONNET XIX.

TO SCENES OF IMAGINATION.

World of imagination, ever fair,
And ever happy ! when my spirit flies
Away to thee, how little do I care
For things of worldly thought ! for all that lies
Around me on the earth ! for with my eyes
Withdrawn from toilsome life to thee, I share
Thy fairer scenes that then before me rise,
Nor noisy strife, nor haughty pride is there.

Sweet world of Fancy ! if I could but keep
My soul in thee away from care and strife,
And from the tyranny of worldly pride,

Then might my soul-enslaving passions sleep,
And virtue in its strength uphold my life,
Nor let my soul so frequently backslide.

SONNET XX.

TO PEACE.

Peace ! holy habitant of lonely cell
And silent vale, or solitary hill ;
Who fleest far from human strife, to dwell
With sweet Contentment, anger-free and still :
Gay Youth may seek the throng, and Mirth may fill
His sparkling glass ; while Pleasure lays her spell
O'er all her captive hearts, to softly quell
The ling'ring memory of ev'ry ill :

But as for me, O lovely Peace, I sigh
To dwell with thee away from noise and strife.
Be thou my sweet companion night and day.

With thee, not idly, let me pass away
The softly-wasting evening of my life,
And, while I calmly live, prepare to die.

SONNET XXI.

A GARDEN.

A sweet secluded garden ! charming sound
To those who seldom seek the world, like me.
Secluded be it, so that none may see
Within the woody boundaries around.
And while the songs of warbling birds resound,
And while I hear the humming of the bee
Around the growing fruit upon the tree,
And flow'rs of ev'ry color on the ground.

There, blithely busied, I will toil to store
My ripen'd crops, until the chilly days
Of early darkness, and of glowing fires.

And when the hollow winds of winter roar,
I'll sit me down beside the cheerful blaze
In happiness. To this my soul aspires.

SONNET XXII.

TO A GARDEN.—ON LEAVING IT.

Sweet garden ! peaceful spot ! no more in thee
Shall I e'er while away the sunny hour.
Farewell each blooming shrub, and lofty tree ;
Farewell the mossy path and nodding flow'r :
I shall not hear again from yonder bow'r
The song of birds, or humming of the bee,
Nor listen to the waterfall, nor see
The clouds float on behind the lofty tow'r.

No more, at breezy eve, or dewy morn,
My gliding scythe shall shear thy mossy green :
My busy hands shall never more adorn.

My eyes no more may see, this peaceful scene.
But still, sweet spot, wherever I may be,
My love-led soul will wander back to thee.

SONNET XXIII.

TO AMANDA.

As some wild bird from bough to bough is flitting,
When man is roaming in her still retreat,
So timidly didst thou forsake thy seat
When once I sought the room where thou wert sitting :
And thou, it may be, shewedst me, in quitting
The place I came to with unwelcome feet, [fitting
Thou wouldst not wound my heart, unless 'twere
To bless me with the charms for which it beat.

Away ! thou heart-insnaring one, I know
The stealthy hunter may desire to hide
His weapons from the victim he would kill.

But thou, in shunning, slewest me ; for though
Thy lovely face, indeed, was turn'd aside,
Thy graceful shape and air could wound me still.

SONNET XXIV.



In tenderness to me whom thou didst spurn,
When I came in thou fleddest from the room,
For fear thy artless beauty might consume
The heart it had already made to burn.
O thou fair sun around the which I turn,
Without whose brightness I am lost in gloom,
If I should lose thee sad would be my doom,
Since none so fair as thee can I discern.

Though many others may be bound in love
To thee, and with thy nearer smile be blest,
While I am wand'ring farthest from thy light,

Yet, in the gloomy orbit where I move,
Though farther from thy charms than all the rest,
I feel the most their sweet attractive might.

SONNET XXV.

THE PAST.

Ye hours of calms so sweet and storms so rude,
How fast ye from my memory recede !
In truth of you I take but little heed ;
As now o'er future years I fondly brood :
But yet it seemeth good in solitude
To think upon the yet-remember'd deed
And word of those we knew of old, and feed
On bygone incidents in thoughtful mood.

And yet I would not end with idle thought ;
But where I find an error in the past,
That error in the future let me mend :

So that my pilgrimage may thus be brought
Unto a good conclusion at the last,
When earthly deeds and days to me shall end.

SONNET XXVI.

THE FUTURE.

Ye years unknown, what sorrow and delight
For mortals yet unborn have ye in store !
Behold ! I think upon the past no more,
But give my thoughts to you by day and night.
For you I toil, forgetful of the flight
Of rapid years that I am wafted o'er,
Expecting happiness, unknown before,
In future days of glory calm and bright.

But who can tell how far I have to go
On life's untiring path? or knows the things
Ye yet may bring to agitate my breast ?

O come propitiously : for in my woe
How often do I wish that I had wings
That I might flee away and be at rest.

SONNET XXVII.

HUMAN LIFE.

Through waving boughs the wand'ring zephyrs sigh,
And, rolling onward, pass unseen away ;
The sparkling stream is ever gliding by
To meet the ocean in some distant bay ;
Aloft in air the clouds of summer stray
With silent motion down the azure sky ;
The sun in golden glory climbs on high,
To end on western hills the waning day.

The air, the flying cloud, the rolling stream,
The sun that rises but to set again,
Are emblems of our life, a fleeting dream

That, in the silent nightwatch, cheats the brain.
O idle world ! Why should I care for thee,
Thus passing through thee to eternity !

SONNET XXVIII.

TO A LOST CHILD.

If in the bosom of the glorified
Hereafter, there shall be a heart to swell
With throbs of love for spirits lov'd too well
Upon the earth ; the dear ones who have died ;
Oh! then, when death no longer may divide
Thy face from mine, and thou again may'st dwell
In this now soulless bosom, who can tell
The greatness of that heav'nly joy, untried !

How sweet the holy faith that dries my tears !
How sweet the smiling hope that stills my sigh !
Though lost while time shall roll away his years,

Thou yet shalt live when Time himself shall die.
Eternal love calls me where thou art gone,
And holdeth thee, my child, to draw me on.

SONNET XXIX.

THE TRIAL.

O that the stormy sea of life would lie
With calmer bosom, through the darksome night
Of ignorance and fear, or that the light
Of truth would burst upon me from on high.
O that the haven of my peace were nigh,
Or that some guiding beacon were in sight,
Or that my Lord would listen to my cry,
And come and steer my erring vessel right.

Oh ! feeble is my bark, my sinking soul ;
And great its load ; while only error steers
Bewilder'd o'er the wide and stormy main ;

And while for break of dawn I wish in vain,
A wild *Euroclydon* of hopes and fears
Blows hard and drives me onward on the shoal.

THE TRIAL PAST.



How sorrowful was life, the while
My God, in love, withheld his smile ;
And though He kept me in His sight,
Yet gave my pining soul no light
To show my darksome goings right:
And yet would find me holding fast
To promises of seasons past,
Enduring to the end.

The scorn of men who, yet untried,
Amid their blessings walked in pride,
I stole, with stricken heart, alone,
To shady tree or mossy stone,
Where no soul else consoled my own ;
And no tongue spoke a healing word,
And all my prayers seem'd unheard,
Enduring to the end.

But still, in all that lived around,
And cleft the air, or walk'd the ground,
I saw there was not, could not be,
A want His love did not foresee,
And that He lov'd all else but me ;
And why not me? I thought, too blest
To think myself among the rest,
And waited for the end.

So by His spirit's sweet controul,
In patience I possess'd my soul,
And walk'd my guileless path, and drew
Sweet solace from His plants that grew
So blest by sun, and air, and dew ;
And all that lived around me, fed
By His love-given daily bread,
Enduring to the end.

But now his smile at last has blest
My heart again with joyful rest,
How melting is the backward thought
That 'twas His love alone that wrought,
What I had deem'd His anger brought.
So blest is he that can abide
His day of sorrowing when tried,
Enduring to the end.

L E A R N I N G.



Heavenly source of guiltless joy !
Holy friend through good and ill ;
When all idle pleasures cloy,
Thou cans't hold my spirit still.

Give the idle their delights,
Wealth unblest, and splendor vain ;
Empty days and sleepless nights,
Seeming bliss in real pain.

Give the sensual their joys ;
Wild excitement, heartless glee,
Madd'ning wine and giddy noise ;
I will spend my hours with thee.

Take me to some still abode,
Underneath some woody hill ;
By some timber-skirted road,
By some willow-shaded rill.

Where along the rocky brook,
Flying echoes sweetly sound,
And the hoarsely-croaking rook
Builds upon the trees around.

Take me to some lofty room
Lighted from the western sky,
Where no glare dispels the gloom
Till the golden eve is nigh,

Where the works of searching thought,
Chosen books, may still impart
What the wise of old have taught,
What has tried the meek of heart.

Books in long-dead tongues, that stirr'd
Living hearts in other climes;
Telling to my eyes, unheard,
Glorious deeds of olden times.

Books that purify the thought,
 Spirits of the learned dead,
 Teachers of the little taught,
 Comforters when friends are fled.

Learning ! source of guiltless joy !
 Holy friend through good and ill,
 When all idle pleasures cloy,
 Thou cans't hold my spirit still.

SONNET XXX.

TO THE HON. MRS. NORTON, THE POETESS, ON
MEETING HER AT FRAMPTON HOUSE.

When first I drew, with melting heart, alone,
 (O gifted vot'ry of the tuneful nine,)
 Entrancing melody from songs of thine,
Sweet echo'd words of one as yet unknown ;
How much I wonder'd what might be the tone
 Of her true voice, as yet unansw'ring mine,
 And what the hue with which her eyes might shine,
And what the form in which her soul was shown

To sons of men. How busy fancy brought
 Before me lineaments of love and grace ;
 But who can tell what joy was mine at last,

When I beheld the object of my thought,
 In bright reality before my face,
 And found the fairest of my dreams surpass'd.

ATHELHAMTON HOUSE. (10)

O once dear home of those that told
Their days in unknown years of old,
Here thoughtful let me wander round
Thy long-worn floors, and hallow'd ground ;
Where still thy gloomy arches spread
O'er unseen footsteps of the dead ;—
Where once thy lodge's op'ning gate
Swung slowly back, with creaking weight,
When, vassal-girt, thy lord drew near
With clinking mail, and long-beam'd spear,—
And round thy mossy walls with stains
Of twice two hundred winters' rains,—
And hall where merry-worded tongue
And sweetly-singing voice once rung ;—
And ladies' bow'r, where beauty blest,
With smiles, the young heart now at rest ;
And still, from painted windows, brood
The glowing sunlights, rainbow-hued.
When first the wind-bent timber grew
Around thy walls all fair and new,

And bow-neck'd steeds bore out the train
Of merry hunters to the plain,
No gun's light thunder, rolling wide,
Struck wave-wash'd rock, or green hill-side ;
But from the hand uplifted high,
The hawk soar'd upwards to the sky,
And on his quarry, from afar,
Shot downward like a falling star.
Among the flow'rs thy garden knew
Of sweetest smell, or gayest hue,
To set off beauty's living bloom,
Or spend their odour in her room ;
No *cactus* blush'd, no *dahlia* tall
Yet bow'd to suns of dewy fall ;
No tall *magnolia* rose to spread
Her high-borne blossoms over head ;
No *Fuchsia's* scarlet tassels fell ;
And, overlook'd in woody dell,
The *hearts-ease* had not come to spread
Her colours on thy garden bed,
Where marigolds came forth below
The lily, white as driven snow.
And some would tell us now, with praise
Reserved alone for latter days,
That, since for those whose love has clung
To thee, grey pile, when thou wast young,
No coach yet bore its living load
Its hundred fast-told miles of road,
Nor smoke-trail'd steam-car, engine-spced,
Outstripp'd the wild-bird overhead,

Nor senseless wheels could yet fulfil
The hand's hard tasks of strength and skill;
So their cold hearts were far below
The happiness that ours may know !
O had they then no air that shook
The green-leav'd bough above the brook ?
No flow'ry meads ? no high-bough'd copse ?
No airy shades of elm-tree tops ?
No summer days, with health to ride
O'er downs and dingles far and wide ?
No winter-mirth within their walls ?
No crackling fires within their halls ?
Had love no smile, and joy no tongue ?
Had no sweet voices ever sung ?
And had no mother yet a child
To clasp in fondness when he smiled ?
O you whom that light oriel
Held smiling once, come back and tell,
That we may set our richer store
Of happiness by yours of yore.
You left that oriel behind,
Man's love-built gift to woman's mind,
That she, although the fairest share
Of gayest sights, might see them there.
O woman, heart-enthraling queen
Of fairest beings eyes have seen,
In thee a loving God bestows
The best of blessings man e'er knows.
When, walking in thy maiden grace
With purest thought, and fairest face,

And leading him to rise above
Unworthy deeds to win thy love,
Or blessing, through a toilsome life,
His trying days, a faithful wife;
Or moulding, with thy soft controul,
To goodness, childhood's love-train'd soul.
Where amber sunlight, in the glade,
Breaks, streaming, through the green bough's shade
While softly-wheeling eddies gleam
Below the rock upon the stream,
All still is dead, though winning fair,
Till fancy sets thine image there,
The brightest gem, and fairer found
Thus set in all that's bright around.
Have not thy portals opened wide,
Grey pile, before the coming bride?
And has no daughter left with tears
Thy roof, the home of maiden years?
How fondly yearns my heart to know
Thy many tales of joy and woe;
And though they all are lost, grey pile,
May man still spare thee to beguile
Some other soul, when mine is fled,
With touching fancies of thy dead.

SONNET XXXI.

ARCHITECTURE.



O noble art ! how greatly I delight
In noble works of thy gigantic hand !
The lofty columns' massy shafts, that stand
Beneath entablatures of stately height ;
The tap'ring spire that reaches out of sight ;
The lofty roof ; with arches that expand
To dumb-beholden width ; and windows grand
And glorious with many-colour'd light !

O noble art ! how long thy works out-dwell
The sons of men ! The piles that linger still
In early-citied Egypt's rainless clime,

And on the holy soil of Greece, will tell
How masterly thou workest, since thy skill
Can mock the working of all-wasting time.

THE HINES OF BURNLEY.



Well. Pleas'd or not it is all the same ;
I hope the *Hines* are not yet so tame
That worthless men could e'er make them stain
Their spotless name for the love of gain.
So let him go, with his threats or gold,
Where hearts are frighten'd, and minds are sold ;
He owns no chain that can ever hold
The souls of the *Hines* of *Burnley*.

Our fathers' names, though all overgrown
With moss, are yet on the churchyard stone ;
And there we now may go out and track
The *Hines* for five generations back ;
And ev'ry father that lies asleep
In God down under his grassy heap,
Has left his son his good name to keep,
The name of the *Hines* of *Burnley*.

And folks own kin by the father's side
To us, all round us, so far and wide ;
For we've had always a maid or two
To spare a chap that was good and true ;
Besides a manly young son to take
A girl for love's and not money's sake,
And all our neighbours are proud to make
A match with the *Hines of Burnley*.

For they are strong in the limbs, though light,
And work untired from the dawn till night;
And in their merriest moods will fly
In springs o'er gates that are five bars high;
And after them, in their cleanest jumps,
Most others seem but as leaden lumps,
While nearly kill'd with their falls and thumps,
They follow the *Hines of Burnley*.

On holydays when the bright sun's glow
Was o'er the oaks with cool shades below.
And o'er the green the bright quoits would rise
From whirling arms above watchful eyes,
Then theirs would gleam through a lofty bow,
And gash the daisy-white ground below,
And beat the others at every throw
They made with the *Hines of Burnley*.

And if a *Hine* ever went along
A road beset by an idle throng,
That stand, with cowardly tongue, to speak
Some cutting words to annoy the weak ;
They all stood off, and ne'er stirr'd a limb,
And watch'd him by them with looks so slim ;
All whispering " hst ! " never speak to him,
That's one of the *Hines* of *Burnley*.

And so may God ever give us grace
To do what's right and hold up our face,
And keep before Him our mother's prayer
When leaving us to His faithful care,
That we, in faith, might for ever hold
His word, the trust of the saints of old ;
And ne'er be lost from His own blest fold,
Stray sheep of the *Hines* of *Burnley*.

HALLOWED NAMES.



When time, as in a length'ning train,
Our generations come and wane,
Brings on, in world-bespreading light,
Before their fellow-mortals' sight,
Some winning forms that shine so bright
By truth of heart, and grace of mind,
How dear to ears they leave behind,
Will long be heard their hallow'd names.

For mortals who have lived and died
In patient faith by sorrow tried,
Or won, by lovely deeds, the praise
Of souls that knew them in their days ;
Though time may take them from the ways
Of men, will leave the vital air
That they no longer breathe, to bear,
In days to come, their hallow'd names.

'Tis not because the ground that spread
Before the eyes of loved ones dead,
May have the fairest fields between
Its woody slopes and hedges green ;
But 'tis because their eyes have seen
That ground, where lies, as once it lay
For them, their now forsaken way,
It bears for us a hallow'd name.

So when our doors may yield their way
To other owners in their day ;
And young men blithe, and maidens fair,
May leave some later feet to wear,
In meadow walks, their footways bare ;
May all, upheld by Heav'nly grace,
Then leave to those who take their place,
The savor of a hallow'd name.

NOTES.

NOTES.



Note 1.—Page 11.—One of the matrimonial oracles of Midsummer Eve, not unknown to maids in the West of England, is to walk out at midnight, sowing hemp-seed over the right shoulder, and repeating the spell,—

“Hemp-seed I set, hemp-seed I sow ;

The man that is my true love come after me and mow.”

Note 2.—Page 48.—The *clote*. The Yellow Water-lily. *Nuphar Lutea*. It is hardly necessary to add, that its flowers and broad leaves float on the water at the top of long footstalks which grow from the bottom.

Note 3, 4.—Page 52, 64.—These pieces and some others are written on the alliterative principle of old Teutonic Poetry; which is found, though without rhyme, in the works of Anglo-Saxon Poets.

“ALLITERATION is the beginning of several syllables, in the same or corresponding verse, with the same letter. The Anglo-Saxons were more partial to the recurrence of consonants than vowels, and were usually studious to

throw the alliteration on the emphatic syllables. Their most regular alliteration was thus constituted: In two adjacent and connected lines of verse, there must be three words or syllables which begin with one and the same letter. The third or last alliterative word generally stands the first word in the second line, and the two first alliterative words must be both introduced in the first line. The most important alliterative letter is found in the word placed in the second line: this letter is therefore called the *Chief letter*; according to which the two other letters, that are called *Assistant letters*, must be arranged in the first line. For example, in *Beowulf*, ii. 27:

Ða wæp æfter wipte *There was after meal-time*
 Wop up-a-hæfen. *A whoop set up.*

Here the three words *wæp*, *wipte*, and *wop* contain the alliterative letters: of these the *w* in *wop* is the *Chief letter*, and the two others are *Assistants*. If the *Chief letter* be a vowel, the *Assistants* must be vowels, but yet they need not be the same: as,

Eotenar and ylfe
 And oncnear. *Beowulf*, i. 12.

Here *o* in *oncnear* is the *Chief letter*, and *eo* and *y* are the *Assistants*;—all three quite different.

The alliterative letters must always be found in words which have an emphasis on the syllable which begins with them; but an unemphatic derivative syllable, *ge-*, *be-*, *a-*, &c., may stand first in the same word, without interrupting the alliteration."—*Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Grammar*.

The principle is well explained also in *Dasent's Rask's Icelandic Grammar*.

Note 5.—Page 66.—The title of an old song.

Note 6.—Page 70.—In allusion to the hallowing of the *Mistletoe* or *Misseltoe* by the Druids, who are said to have cut it down with a golden hook :

“*Loranthus europæus* seems to be the original, or most common Misseltoe, &c., of the Greeks, which grows usually on some kind of Fir-tree. But our *Viscum album* is likewise found in Greece, though rarely, growing on the Oak ; and this has been preferred from the most remote antiquity. Hence, when the superstitions of the East travelled westward, our Druids adopted a notion of the Misseltoe of the Oak being more holy, or efficacious, in conjurations or medicine, than what any other tree afforded, the *Loranthus*, or ordinary Misseltoe, not being known here. This superstition actually remains, and a plant of *Viscum* gathered from an oak, is preferred by those who rely on virtues, which perhaps never existed in any Misseltoe whatever.”—*Smith's English Flora*.

Note 7.—Page 70.—The British *Covinus* or war chariot, having its wheels armed with projecting scythes. (*Mela*, iii ; *Lucan*, i ; *Silius*, xvii.)

Note 8.—Page 71.—The *Aftermath*, so called in Dorsetshire. Edish-grass. In Anglo-Saxon, *Edisc*.

Note 9.—Page 74.—Robin-Hood. The name given in Dorset to the Red Camplon, *Lychnis* : especially to the *Lychnis dioica*.

Note 10.—*Page 129.*—*Athelhamton House* ; or, as it is more commonly called, *Admiston House*, near Piddletown, in Dorsetshire, is a singularly unmutilated specimen of medieval architecture. The house, with the interior of its hall, is given in Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time."

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